



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

to call this phase of their doctrine "Platonic Realism")—will provoke a retort from idealists that the New Realism is only an inverted idealism. To base the structure of the physical and psychological world upon purely ideal entities of number, space, and time, divorced from concrete physical and mental existences, is assuredly a New Realism, but a realism strangely like Platonic Idealism shorn of its poetry and its ethical bias.

POST-LIMINIUM—LIONEL JOHNSON. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1912.

Lionel Johnson belonged to a coterie of self-conscious and meticulous artists. Like Mrs. Meynell, Louise Imogen Guiney, Francis Thompson, John Davidson, and Michael Field, he worked slowly and finished elaborately. In turning the three hundred pages, which in this volume contain forty-four essays, one wonders if the fastidious author would ever have given them publicity and the sanction of his name. They are not essays to be ashamed of. Lionel Johnson could never have written anything false or futile. But they are the casual output of a hard-worked writer, reviewing, criticizing, giving estimates swiftly made on unrelated topics. To be sure, an estimate from Lionel Johnson is one from an opulent and discerning mind, but, when all is said and done, the book is made up of shreds and patches. The notes on his master, Pater, divided into four separate essays—"Mr. Pater on Plato," "Mr. Pater's Humor," "Mr. Pater and His Public," "The Work of Mr. Pater"—form the best and most complete study in the book—a book ranging from St. Francis, Blake, and Coventry Patmore to Parnell, Stevenson, and Burke.

Essays, however swiftly turned out, must retain the temperamental color of their author's mind, and many passages in these short pieces bespeak the rare quality of their writer; as when he says of Pater's Platonic Studies: "They are perfect expressions of the Academic spirit; *that leisurely travel of the mind among great things*"; or of Lucretius that he is the "Michael Angelo of verse, a Titanic workman, compelling language to obey his sovereign will and fall into majestic cadence, thunderous oceanic"; or of St. Francis: "The wind of the Spirit blowing where it listeth made Francis saint; the Fire of the Spirit chose to flame in his heart; Seraphic Love elected to inhabit there; 'this sort cometh not' but by the gift and grace of immediate genius, uncalculating, simple, and intuitive; it cannot come of planning, of studying and pondering, of wishes father to the thought." Or again: "No man can serve two masters: you cannot be Fielding's friend and also accept the colossal ineptitudes of our most popular novelists, witless, humorless, most brazen."

The essays are worth putting on the shelf with the permanent occupants, if for no other reason for their wide swath of allusion and their rarely felicitous turn of expression.

J. M. SYNGE; A CRITICAL STUDY. By P. P. HOWE. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1912.

There are publishers' advisers who remember well when about six or seven years ago the first neat manuscripts of Synge's *Plays* went the round of